, Milan:

(To Josephine.) I arrive at Milan, I rush to your room; I had left everything to see you, to press you in my arms, — you were not there, you were junketing in other cities; you run away when I come; you care no more for your dear Napoleon. Your love was a caprice; inconstancy makes you indifferent.

Accustomed as I am to danger, I know where to find a remedy for the worries and woes of existence. My misfortune is incalculable; I was entitled not to expect it.

I shall stay here till the afternoon of the 29th. That need not interfere with your arrangements; amuse yourself; happiness was made for you. All the world is happy if it can please you; your husband alone is unhappy. Ah! Josephine! Josephine!

*December* 5th. (To Lalande.) I have received your letter. I have immediately forwarded the one inclosed for the Milan astronomer. Whenever I am able to render a service to science, I gratify my own feelings and am sure that I am acquiring honour. Among all the sciences astronomy is the one which has rendered the greatest services to reason and to commerce. To share the night between a beautiful woman and a lovely sky; to spend the day checking observation by calculation, — that is happiness on earth.